

Saint BERNARD's VISION:

Or, *A brief Discourse, Dialogue-wise, between the Soul and Body of a Damned Man, newly deceased, laying the Faults one upon the other. To which is added, A Speech of the Devil's in Hell, &c. To the Tune of, Flying Fame, &c. Licensed according to Order.*



The Writer speaketh.

AS I lay slumbering in my bed one night,
A fearful vision did me sore affright,
Methought I saw a soul departed late,
By it the body in a poor estate.

Wailing with sighs, the soul aloud did cry,
Upon the body in the coffin by:
And thus the soul to it did make her man,
With grievous sobs, and many a bitter groan.

The Soul speaketh.

O sinful flesh, which now so low doth lie,
Whom yesterday the world esteem'd so high,
It was but yesterday the world was thine,
The sun is set which yesterday did shine.

Where is thy train that did attend on thee?
Where is thy mirth, where is thy solace?
Where are thy sumptuous buildings & thy treasure?
Thy pleasant walks wherein thou took'st pleasure.

Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a coffin, in a shroud art urn'd:
For thy rich cloaths thou hast a winding-sheet,
Thy high-built roof now with thy mouth doth meet.

But I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature,
In likeness to my God, of heavenly feature,
But by thy sin while we on earth abode,
I am made fouler than a loathsome toad.

O wretched flesh with me that art so loath,
That well may with thou never had'st been bairn:
Thou wouldest never to any one agree,
For which we evermore shall damned be.

I am and must for ever be in pain,
No tongue can tell the torments I sustain,
But thou and I we must descend to hell,
Where we in fiery flames must ever dwell.

It was thy pride, deceit, and luxury,
Hath brought these torments both on me and thee,
Thy wife, thy children, friends whom thou didst trust
Do loath thy carcass lying in the dust.

The book of God, which is both true and sure,
Witness at large what sinners shall endure;
Thou that within the bed of earth art laid,
Arise, and answer to the words I said.

The Body speaketh.

I know thee well, my soul, which from me fled,
Which left my body senseless, cold, and dead,
Cease thou to say the fault was all in me,
When I will prove the fault was most in thee:

Thou say'st that I have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing drawn thee quite away:
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.

God you do know created you most fair,
And of celestial knowledge gave you share:
I was your servant, fram'd of earth and clay,
You to command, and I for to obey.

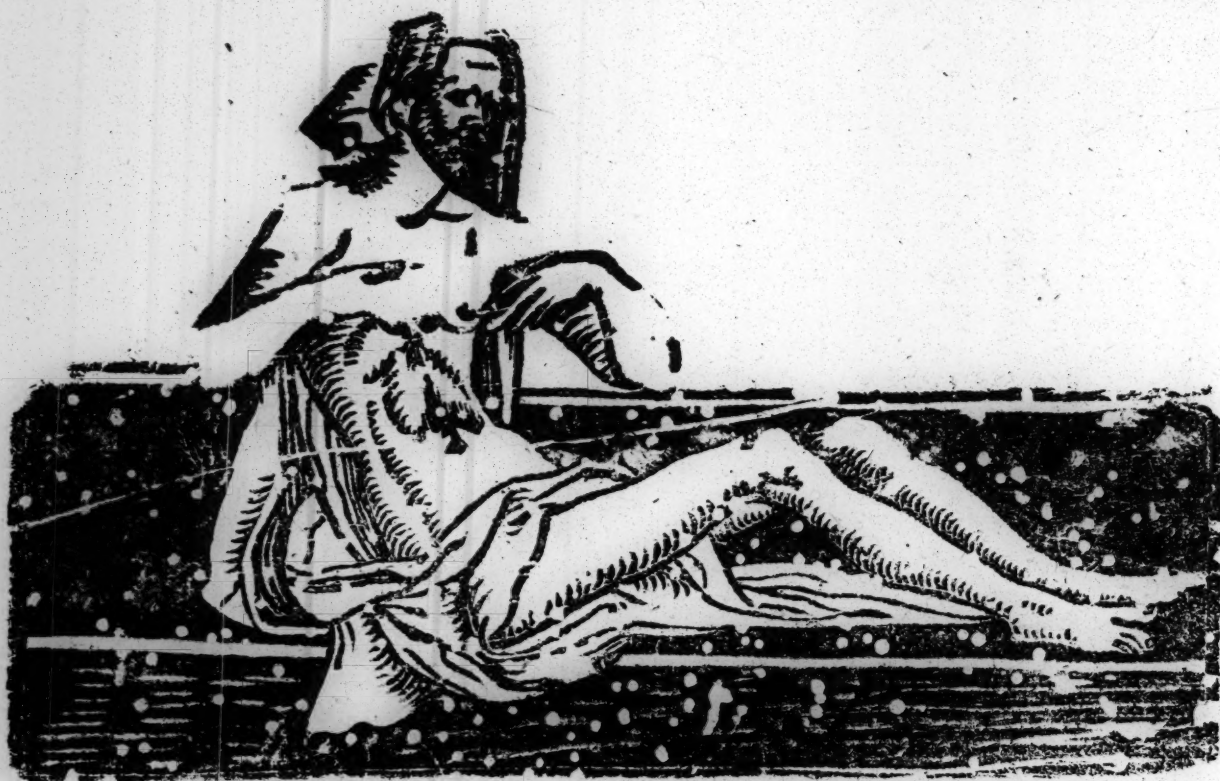
'Twas in your power for to restrain my will,
And not to let me do these things were ill:
The body's works are from the soul devised,
And by the soul the body should be guided.

The body of itself no ill hath known,
If I did what thou did'st, the guilt is thine own,
For without thee, the body resteth dead,
The soul commands, it rests upon the head.

So to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine,
O how the worms do tare me in my shroud;
And therefore fare thee well, poor sinful soul,
Thy trespasses pass mine, though they are foul.

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The Soul speaketh.

Most wretched flesh which in the time of life,
Was foolish, idle, vain, and full of strife;
Though of thy substance thou didst speak to me,
I do confess I should have bidden thee.

But thou through love of pleasure foul and ill,
Still me resisted, and wouldst have thy will:
When I would thee, O body, have controul'd,
Straight the world's vanities did me withhold.

So thou of me didst gain the upper-hand,
Inthralling me in worldly pleasures band:
That thou and I eternal shall be drawn'd
In hell, when glorious saints in heaven are crown'd.

But flattering fancy did thy mind so please,
Thou never thought it to dye till death did cease:
This was thy fault, and curst was our fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas, too late.

The Body speaketh.

O now I weep, being scourg'd with mine own rod,
While both stand gully for the face of God:
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,
The greatest burthen, soul, on thee doth lye.

As wit is mean, but this for truth it knows,
That where most gifts of vertue God bestows,
There is most due, and ought repayed be,
And unto this there's none but will agree.

But foolishly thou yieldest unto me,
And to my vain desires didst soon agree:
But, oh? I knew not at the latter hour,
But thou and I shall find a death most sure.

I greatly fear an everlasting fire,
Yet one thing more I do of thee desire,
Hast thou been yet among the fiends of hell,
Is no hopes left that we with Christ may dwell.

False flesh remember Dives was deny'd,
When for one drop of water he so pray'd:
Thy question, senseless body, wanteth reason,
Redemption now is hopeless, out of season:
Wile body go, and rot in bed of clay,
Until the great and general judgement-day;
Then shalt thou rise, and be with me condemn'd,
To hell's hot lake for ever without end.
So fare thee well, I will no longer stay,
Hark how the fiends of hell call me away:
The loss of heavenly joys tormenteth me,
More then all tortures that in hell can be.

The Devil speaketh.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long?
Now we will make you sing another song:
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,
And moulded lead be poured down your throat.
Such horror we do on our servants load,
Now thou art worse then is the crawling road:
Ten thousand torments thou shalt now abide,
When thou in flaming sulphre shalt be fry'd.
Thou art a souldier of our camp enroul'd,
Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold:
The pains prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,
Welcome, O welcome, to the pit of hell.

The Whites speaketh.

At this the groaning soul did weep most sore,
And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roar:
Those devils did seem more black then pitch or night,
Whose horrid shapes did sorely me affright.

Sharp Steeleed forks each in their hands as brar,
Tusked their teeth like crooked mattocks were,
Fire and blimstone then they breathed out,
And from their nostrills snakes crawl'd all about.

Foul filthy horns on their black brows they wore,
Their nails were like the rushes of a boar:
Those hellish fiends fast bound this wretched soul,
And drag'd him in, who grievously did howl.

Then straight methought appeared in my sight,
A beaautiful young man cloathed all in white:
His face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like the rain-bow, and his hair like gold.

With a sweet voice, All hail, all hail, quoth he,
Arise and write what here thou now dost see:
Most heavenly musick seemed then to play,
And in a cloud he vanish quite away.

Awaking straight, I took my pen in hand,
To write those lines the young man did command,
And so abroad into the world it sent,
That each good christian may in time repent.

Then let us fear the Lord both night and day,
Preserbe our souls and bodies we thee pray:
God grant we may so run this mortal race,
That we in heaven may have a resting place.

Preserbe the King, the Queen, and Progeny,
The Clergy, Counsel, and Nobility,
Preserbe our souls and bodies I thee pray,
Amen, with me, let all good Christians say.